

Oregon Emerald

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the similarity of many colleges to an assembly line in the Ford plant.

It is exactly this sort of personal touch that makes graduates of journalism remember and love Dean and Sally Allen. Here is no mere employee of an educational system, but a great personality whose sole intent is the better understanding and companionship of students, so that he may better be able to guide them.

Dean and Sally Allen represent a phase of college life that we are thankful has not been completely stifled by the Great System.

THE EYES OF THE TEAM

AN INVALUABLE asset to Oregon's football team is Jack O'Brien. This shrewd student of the game, who ranks among the premier scouts of the nation, is more than an assistant coach. He is a vital factor in the team's success. When he scouts an opposing eleven, you may be sure that Oregon's players will have a thorough knowledge of that opponent's attack and defense when they enter the game.

Like many another capable aide, Jack O'Brien stays in the background, leaving the front of the picture to others. His name never figures in the forecasting of football games, but he plays an important part in the shaping of Oregon's football destinies. The University made no mistake when it retained Jack O'Brien on its coaching staff.

The popularity of the five cent marble games, which fill every campus eating place, still continues despite the depression. Of course, it isn't gambling. In gambling, the gambler presumably has some chance of getting his money

The campaign promises of Hoover and Roosevelt in dealing with the over-depressed farmers, rather makes us wonder if that class would be much better off even if all the promises were kept.

promenade by carol hurlburt

FOLLOWING fashions requires just about as much astuteness as following the stock market. It requires foresight to tell when things are going up or coming down, and so if you were really clever in purchasing your fall wardrobe, did a lot of figuring at night and window shopping, you are probably just now ready to get your new wrap. So here is the up and up on the situation.

If I were buying a new wrap for dress occasions, I'd invest in one of lustrous cloth, cut on the bias, high-waisted, broad-shouldered, and full sleeved. It would be colorless, so that with it I could wear one of the tricky coachman's capes, very smart, very new, fashioned from soft fur with a short stand-up collar.

These capelets, which bring back memories of the Victorian era, deserve a word to themselves, as they can be worn not only over a coat, but over a street or afternoon dress and for evening. They are always short, some of them like tiny shawls, and others like fichus, tying in front with a large flat bow.

The cape and the fur jacket, on duty day or night, are designed for the woman with narrow hips and an up and coming circulation.

Vionnet created the collarless coat. It is still new, but stylists predict its increasing popularity. With it, you can wear not only the jaunty little cape, but a removable fur collar which ties in front, or a separate scarf fashioned of pliable fur.

Cloth coats trimmed in fur have come into new favor this season. The fur swirls up around the face in a luxurious and dramatic way. The short plump woman would do well to wear a closely clipped flat fur.

If you are considering a fur wrap, this is, by all odds, the time to buy, as even the most expensive and exclusive furs are selling for almost the proverbial song. The newest development along this line is the three-quarter length affair, either in swagger style or on the redingote idea.

And speaking of the swagger coat, that "remnant of the war and augury for the future" . . . it has suddenly seized our attention. If you are looking for a campus coat, you are probably choosing between a polo coat and a swagger. The always trim, always smart polo coat is still much in vogue, but I believe that the swagger coat will be with us longer. The swankiest, most alluring

feminine evening wrap I've seen was pictured in Harper's Bazaar for September . . . a swagger coat of black tie silk with pink polka dots, lined with pink, and worn over a frock of pink crepe roma.

And as for the man: the most ultra-ultra thing for him is a wrap-around top-coat in dark fawn camels-hair with raglan shoulders, a knife pleat running the full length of the back, English slit pockets, and, last but not least, no buttons on the coat and no buckle on the belt. Can be purchased at Phelps Terkel.

We select for Promenade: Miss Anne Kistner because she looks like a model out of Vogue in a collar of black crinkly crepe, wide collar of black and white that crosses over the bodice and ties in the back with a high-waisted effect, black and white flower worn at the back on the left shoulder. With the dress she wears a slim black coat with a separate coachman's cape of black Persian lamb. Her hat is black, zoops down over one eye, leaving the other side of the head exposed. Black suede pumps, black antelope gloves and bag.

Contemporary Opinion

Forbidden Cars

THERE was amusement when the Oregon State college band appeared on the stadium field between halves Saturday in old-fashioned, horse-drawn dray wagons, and when three young collegians rode around on a bicycle with three seats. There was a ripple of laughter, but not, we think, any deep responding sympathy with the cause.

The cause, of course, is the return of the automobile to the college campus. The "stunt" was a mild and good-humored probing of public opinion on the subject.

But we fear the students will have to fight it out along their own lines with the board of higher education, availing themselves of such help as they can get from the garage and service station owners of Corvallis, Eugene and the normal school towns. The fact is that most of the "old grads" are from generations that did not know the automobile as an adjunct to education. They are behind the times in not realizing the importance of the "struggle buggy" in traveling the road to the sheepskin. They cannot be expected to stage indignation meetings against the board for its order barring the automobile from the campuses, inasmuch as they look back with considerable wistfulness upon their own leisurely college days, and feel that even their legs carried them along too swiftly.

There are arguments on the side of the car owners. But the young gentlemen will have to press the cause themselves. No public uprising will take place in their behalf, and we suspect that even a good many of the parents are secretly pleased that their children are thus kept from roaming so widely and at will from the college towns.—Morning Oregonian.

GIRL OUSTED FOR VIOLATING AUTO BAN ON CAMPUS
(Continued from Page One)

cost of a driver's license in the state.

After Miss Gorrell's case had been passed upon, the committee granted several more permits, all either to married students or those who live excessive distances from the campus. The latter group, however, will be allowed to drive their cars only to and from the University, and will not be permitted to use them on the campus.

Mr. Spencer explained that the majority of the students now driving cars either have applied for permits, or have received permanent ones. He said Miss Gorrell was unfortunate in that she took out her exemption blanks several days, but had not yet filed them at Rhinesmith's office when she was seen driving yesterday.

The committee will meet again Monday.

ORDER OF "O" TO LEAD IGLOO RALLY TONIGHT
(Continued from Page One)

Bass Williams, ex-Oregon grid hero; Bob Hall, student body president; Cecil Espy; and Ed Morris. Ed Wells will act as master of ceremonies.

For the first time a new song, composed by Alan Green of Portland, will be played by the band and sung by all the student body. Mimeographed copies of the words and music are being distributed by the rally committee to every living organization on the campus. Announcements will be made at the rally concerning the complete program for rallies, and student activities in Portland over the week-end. A special student train is scheduled to leave Villard hall at 3:30 tomorrow afternoon, and will be met at the Portland depot by the Oregon band.

"All town and University people who are interested are urged to attend the meeting this evening," Espy said.

Husky vs. Webfoot

By KEN FERGUSON



Body and Sole

By PARKS (TOMMY) HITCHCOCK

HOWJA, Howja and Howja!
Who was that skoit I seen you with last night? That was no skoit, that was my econ prof.

We seen: (I know that grammar is all off, you bloke, but who's writing this tripe?) (As if we knew.) Mahr Reymers, the campus big butter and egg sheik, speculating over a coke—Hal Short, the dog, dressed to kill and doing nothing (that makes two of the boys from Delta Tau—we don't owe them anything now)—Mister Rehal swaggering—Sig Christ looking for a dance to go to—Peter Buck and a green lid (which wuz Buck?)—Somebody looking for Helen Templeton—Annoboy what a vicious blonde we did espy! William Roberts, the Sigma Nu terror, loitering—Somebody else loitering (we forgot who).—The mighty Yerkovich impressing people—Don Eva, sans mustache—Tecker McDonald telling a story.

Prof: Do you participate in any form of athletics?
Bernie Hughes: Naw, I play football.

Nobody seems to have said anything about it publicly, but it's the pure quill, that the campus has been covered with a dense blanket (we swiped that one from the Theta house of smoke (foolyda!)). Some geezer wuz standing down on the law curb yestiddy when he smelt something burning, and hoisting the good old beak in the air he gave a sniff, and cried, "oh, those TRIDELTS!"

Wotsa deal down at the Beter Theter Pi mansion? We hear the depression was so bad down there that they considered doing away with the millrace and other of their big attractions (like Hammond and Johnston). It'd sure be a shame if they turned off the water in the millrace, the ol' meemies!, so the Phi Psi's wouldn't have anyplace to throw their freshmen and Eagle.

And that, dear children, was how your Uncle Ezra lost his upper plate.

cycle. You can't fall off your feet.

Much Ado About Nothing: S. A. E. tennis dances—Phi Delt pledges smelling deliciously of fresh Spearmint gum. (They chew it because even a Phi Delt's friend won't tell them.) The Chi Psi Don Thompson stumbling over every crack. Hartley Kneeland and Bob Ferguson cutting each other's throats. Bobby O'Melveny and Phoebe Thomas having an awfully good time (in spite of dark clouds from the Tri Delt way)—Jay Cobb in a white turtle neck sweater. Why was La Grande Houghton so aloof?

There will be more from those stellar outside men, Reymers and Schenk, tomorrow. They plan a confessions column. Yeh!

Which of history's three great liars, Ananias, Baron Munchausen, or Paul Bunyan, is responsible for the myth that women are the tactful sex?

After all the trouble which was caused last spring by the high-handed way the Associated Women Students decreed that the fraternities would stand treat for Dime Crawl, we had hopes for a more intelligent policy this year. Goody, hopes!

Geraldine Hickson, president of Pan-Hellenic, comes right up with harsh words. We men are "spineless, sluggish, snobs" if we don't

And guess what we did?

Annor for the day's peoy:

A man we hate
Is Adam Blotz.
He ties his ties
In fancy knots.

(Not to speak of his hair ribbons.)

There was a young fellow from Springfield
Who entered this college quite well heeled
He pledged Kappa Sig, and started to pig.

And when he got through, he was well peeled.

And here's the big problem and struggle for today: Teaching Mik-ulak to spell Muczynski.

An wotta bout the Kappa's this year? Did they pledge a bunch of "dear girls," as usual. In vite us up, and let us meet the fellers. (This is the only way we know of to get a date.)

The ladies and gentlemen who control student affairs at O. S. C. have finally decided that they're going to keep the Oregon game of November 5 in Corvallis. This decision arrives after half a dozen changes of mind.

It will be a potentially dangerous situation to throw the two student bodies together three days before the martyrdom of Mr. Zorn and Mr. MacPherson, the educational Messiahs.

I say "potentially" dangerous

get out and stage a demonstration for Open House.

Tush, tush, Geraldine! That's fine alliteration, but it's poor policy.

The mangy male still has some pride. Abuse and harsh names make him sullenly stubborn. Flattery and honeyed phrases render him completely cooperative. Here's what Geraldine's public relations counselor should have had her say:

"Us girls are de-elited with the gorgeous spirit the boys are showing about our Open House. It will be just loads of fun to stand in a receiving line for such charming chaps."

But it's too late now. Perhaps next year. . . .

Since this seems to be Discourtesy Week, we might as well invade the field of the "promenade" column and blurt out what we think about co-ed's' clothes this fall.

They're messy, unnatural, and elegantly ugly.

So there, Pan-Hellenic!

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advisedly. If the University students maintain their present morale, and if the O. S. C. crowd lives up to its usual standard of good sportsmanship, all should go well.

Nevertheless, it will be a good idea for the Universities to evacuate Corvallis and return to home territory as soon as possible after the final gun echoes through the hills of Benton county.

Moonbeams

His name was William Barker, A flash without a peer; He's a terror with the women And likewise with the beer.

The phantom in the Chevrolet He was known both near and far, But what a wreck was left of Bill When a Theta smashed his car.

Oh, listen my children, and you shall hear, Of the midnite ride of a Kappa deer.

A goil as pure as the driven snow, But a Kappa, my friends, is never slow. (or snow) (or almost anything.)

A Delt stood on the burning deck, His pockets full of peanutz. In his hands there hunk his roller skates, But his morals were a wreck.

SOCIALIST CANDIDATE TELLS OF PARTY PLANS

(Continued from Page One)

and neat in attire, and dignified in his appearance. His blue-gray eyes, twinkle frequently and his firm lips are often smiling for he has a deep sense of humor with which he puts life into his arguments.

Though aware of the psychology that appeals to the masses, his arguments depend more on logic than emotions. He is an idealist. His philosophy is one that considers the future, but he does not forget the present-day necessities. He is frank and plain spoken, and even those who do not agree with his ideas admit his sincerity.

Referring to the idea that a large socialist vote in the coming election would bring about the adoption of more socialistic principles by the major parties, Mr. Thomas said that in the process of taking out the planks from the socialist platform that the major parties would be apt to split the lumber.

The socialist candidate said that he sees few indications for recovery. He believes that this winter will be the hardest that we have experienced and predicted that there might be 20,000,000 unemployed.

"A vote for myself is not a vote lost," he explained. "Too many people are voting their hates, voting for what they don't want and getting it, and that is a real vote lost."

Mr. Thomas expressed the fear that if socialism did not come about that fascism would take the place of capitalism.

DEBATE TRIALS WILL BE HELD NEXT WEEK
(Continued from Page One)

minute speech, on some argumentative subject of his own choice. No notes may be used while speaking, and no audience will be present except the judges. All women students in the University are eligible for the tryouts.

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